

The Musical World.

(PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT.)

A RECORD OF MUSIC, THE DRAMA, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

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EPIGRAM FROM THE GREEK OF ARCHIUS.

(ANTHOL. PAL., v. 58.)

Love, mad Love! thou destroyest me utterly; prithee, upon me
Lavish the whole of thy darts, leave not an arrow behind.
Thus wilt thou wound me only; and if hereafter thou wishest
Some new victim to strike, thou wilt be weaponless quite. J. O.

ERNST.

THIS accomplished musician has just received two diplomas—that of Honorary Member of the Philharmonic Society at St. Petersburg, and that of Honorary Member of the Royal Academy of Arts at Stockholm. At both capitals Ernst enjoys the highest reputation, his concerts having been more brilliant and productive than those of any soloist who has visited either St. Petersburg or Stockholm for the last twenty years.

CORBARI.

A CORRESPONDENT inquires where this accomplished singer received her musical education. If we are not mistaken, Corbari was educated at the *Conservatorio* in Milan, where she studied singing, the pianoforte, and composition. Her vocal professor was the celebrated Mazzucato, who, besides being an excellent teacher, is a very able and well informed musician. She made rapid and remarkable progress under this master, and was soon noticed by the authorities, who made a report to the government (which takes an interest in musical matters in Italy) that her health would be injured and her voice impaired if she devoted so much time and labour to the study of the pianoforte and composition. Corbari, who was marked out already for *La Scala*, was therefore forbidden to pursue these branches of her musical education—a very ridiculous and unreasonable step, in our opinion, since it prevented her from attaining a proficiency seldom found in musicians of the gentler sex. Luckily, however, the restriction arrived too late to do all the harm it might have done. Corbari had already acquired unusual facility on the pianoforte, and a general knowledge of the art which has had a wholesome influence on her career.

We believe it was Signor Puzzi who first engaged Corbari to join Mr. Lumley's company at Her Majesty's Theatre in London. He was so struck by her talent that he persuaded her friends to take her away from the *Conservatorio* a year before the completion of her education. She was only eighteen when she first appeared, as Fenena, in Verdi's *Nino*, in 1846. After her first season with Mr. Lumley, Corbari returned to Milan, where Signor Persiani persuaded her to enlist with the then forming rival establishment, at Covent Garden (now the Royal Italian Opera), and signed an engagement with her for three years. During that period she has been engaged both at Paris and St. Petersburg, in both of which capitals she is a distinguished favourite.

Corbari is the youngest of two sisters. The eldest, Madlle. Luigia Corbari, is a vocalist of great promise. She has already seen something of the world, having formed part of an Italian company at Oran, in Algiers.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

On Saturday the *Otello* was repeated, and Sontag reaped another harvest of honours. The re-calls and encores were as numerous, the bravos as enthusiastic, the demonstrations as fervid, and the bouquets as fresh and various as on the preceding performance. Madame Sontag gained on our good graces more than Rossini did. The fair artist improved on further acquaintance, while the Swan of Pesaro fell off in our estimation some twenty per cent., after a second hearing of his opera. *Otello* is certainly one of Rossini's feeblest efforts.

Moriani, in *Otello*, made exactly the same impression as he did on the Thursday. We were not a whit more delighted; neither were we a particle more disappointed. The same sensations, precisely, were conveyed to us by the same amount of tragic excellence and vocal merit. Were we to hear and see the celebrated tenor in the same a third, nay, a fourth time, we hardly fancy we should leave Her Majesty's Theatre in a violent fit of enthusiasm.

What we have already said of Lablache's Elmiro, Belletti's Iago, and Calzolari's Rodrigo, all good in their way, we may stringently repeat.

A decided improvement we noticed in both band and chorus, and Balfe was even more zealous and energetic than ever, and wrought, with his best endeavours, to do justice to Rossini; but Rossini, in this instance, was unworthy of all Balfe's zeal and energy.

The charming Sontag retired to her privacy on Tuesday, and permitted Parodi and Alboni to supply her place. The aristocracy wept, but the public were not withheld from coming by thorough-bred tears. *Lucrezia Borgia* was the opera, and Parodi was Lucrezia, and Alboni Maffeo Orsini—the very name suggests the immortal "Brindisi"—and Moriani was the Gennaro, and Lablache the Duke, and the principal nobles were filled by Colletti, Belletti, Arnoldi, Bartolini, &c.

The opera was performed with care and with excellent effect. Parodi surpassed all her former achievements in the same opera, and gained, in consequence, more applause than ever. This young and highly talented artist is daily making her way in public estimation, and ere long, we have little doubt, she will find a firm footing on the high grounds of fame. Madlle. Parodi's Lucrezia is an excellent performance, and requires only a little more abstraction, and a little more experience, to perfect and complete it.

Alboni's "Brindisi" was, of course, the great achievement of the night. Never did we hear the rich, magnificent, and brilliant tones of the artist with more delight. Her voice was as some absent pleasure that stole homewards—a prodigal

voice that claimed forgiveness for having been so long wandering away. And never did prodigal's voice sound more silverly in a longing parent's ear, than did Alboni's on Tuesday to the thirsty audience of Her Majesty's Theatre.

Moriani's Gennaro was as effective as ever—and that is affording the reputed tenor the benefit of the doubt. His acting exemplified all the usual points, and his singing indicated its usual excellence. The death was as forcible and as prolonged as ever, and the cheering as loud and universal. Notwithstanding the great applause, we did not feel deeply impressed with Signor Moriani's performance.

On Thursday—the customary grand extra night—Parodi and Alboni gave way to Sontag. The fair and captivating German *cantatrice* appeared in *Linda di Chamouni*, the part in which she made her *reentrée* in London, and was honoured, and *fêted*, and applause-beleaguered, and praise-circumvented as before. Homage bowed his head, and even Reverence made a nod. Justice was pleased. Of all Madame Sontag's performances—her late ones, we remember not those of old—her Linda is to us the most finished and most charming. Her Rosina has brighter points—witness, among others, the Rode's air and variations; her Desdemona has more striking beauties—witness her "Assisa à un pie di Salice" and "Di calma, O ciel;" her *Sonnambula* produces more effect—witness the shouts of the public and the cheers of her admirers; but Linda is better and more evenly sustained, and the character is more in accordance with her placid nature and gentle feelings. To us Madame Sontag is the very incarnation of Linda.

Next Thursday the *Nozze di Figaro* will be given, with Parodi as Susanna, Alboni as the page, and Madame Sontag as the countess.

A GRAND MORNING CONCERT was given at the Great Concert Room on Wednesday, the principal artists all assisting excepting Alboni. Why the far-famed contralto-soprano was absent we did not hear. The principal attraction of the concert was Madame Sontag, who was announced to sing in four different languages, Italian, German, English, and French. A vocal feat like this we have not known paralleled since Malibran sang at a concert in London in seven different languages, played on two instruments, both pianos, composed a romance, and afterwards rode round Hyde Park with Tom Campbell on a thorough-bred horse.

Madame Sontag commenced her quadruple feat with an Italian Aria, called "La Zingara," composed for her by Donizetti, which she warbled with delightful ease and great brilliancy. It was altogether one of the happiest efforts of the charming artist. The aria was beautifully suited to the aerial, silvery quality of her voice, and the florid passages suited her capacity to perfection.

Her German effort, the famous Scena from *Der Freischütz*, "Wie Nahte mir dir Schlummer," was, perhaps, not so effective; but, to our feeling, it was no less charming. Madame Sontag sang with great purity of tone and a depth of expression that could hardly be surpassed. The forte passage at the end was a little beyond the power of the artist, but even here art made amends for all deficiency.

Madame Sontag's third effort was in English—"With verdure clad," from the *Creation*. The time was taken too slow, and this marred the effect considerably; but the fair artist pronounced the English admirably, and felt nothing incommode from having to sing in a difficult and unused tongue. Haydn's exquisite song received the proper amount of expression, and the text was rendered with classic purity and simplicity.

For her fourth and French display, Madame Sontag selected Meyerbeer's "Grace, Grace," which, to make use of an obvious pun, was all "Grace" from her lips. The air was newly read in most respects, and there was imparted to it thereby a freshness that lent it the seeming of novelty. Meyerbeer, had he been in a mood of unusual conciliation, would have loved his romance from *Robert le Diable* all the better for Madame Sontag's delicate innovations.

This was the sum total of Madame Sontag's exertions in the cause of the morning concert, and on each occasion the fair artist was overpowered by applause from all parts of the room.

The next novelty and attraction of the entertainments—*place aux dames*—was the great Thalberg, the Prince Regent, if not King, or Emperor of Pianists, who played two fantasias of his own with immense effect. The younger branches of the female visitors blushed delight at the magic touch of Thalberg's fingers; the elderly ladies, more bold, did not refrain from indulging in vociferations of pleasure; while the amateurs and connoisseurs sang the praises of the splendid pianist by the loudest and most prolonged demonstrations. Thalberg played the fantasia on airs from *Lucrezia Borgia*, and the fantasia on *La Sonnambula*. He was encored in both.

Our readers must pardon us for making very brief work of the rest of the performances.

We found little in the programme that was not as old as the hills, and as palatable as stewed frogs—excellent fare when you like it, and have nothing better to taste.

A three-bass terzetto from Meyerbeer's *Marguerite d'Anjou*, admirably sung by Coletti, Belletti, and Lablache, we hope to have the pleasure of hearing again some day, now that the works of this master are coming into fashion.

Gardoni sang the pleasing romanza, "Or che in Cielo," from *Marino Faliero*, with the utmost sweetness and expression.

One of the very best performances of the concert was Colletti's "Resta immobile," from *Guillaume Tell*. It was splendidly sung and was loudly applauded. The violoncello *obligato* of Piatti was perfection.

We find nothing demanding of record among the vocal performances.

The band performed the overtures to the *Flauto Magico* and *Preciosa*, and the Wedding March from the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, with excellent effect, under the governance of the indefatigable Balfe. Balfe also presided most ably at the piano as accompanist.

The concert room was crowded to excess by a brilliant and fashionable audience.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The *Prophète* has commenced, and promises to continue as triumphant a career as the *Huguenots* last season. Never was success more firmly established. The performances, as might have been expected, have gone smoother since the first night. The chorus has gained more precision, and consequently more power, and the principal artists feel more at home in their parts. The beauties of the music become more and more developed, and what was listened to at first with indifference, is now expected with interest. The general feeling respecting the opera is that it is more equally sustained throughout than the *Huguenots*, is fully as dramatic, and in powerful writing surpasses it in some instances. In one respect, only, is it inferior to the *Huguenots*, namely, in its plot, or more properly, in the contrivance of the plot. Mons. Scribe has worked out his materials with great effect in the

Prophète, but the subject is neither so serious, nor so sublime as that of the *Huguenots*. In the first place, the Anabaptists, in the former opera, are mere charlatans—creatures of comedy—and are introduced with but the pretence of religious solemnity. The Catholics, in the *Huguenots*, on the contrary, although urged forwards to blood and slaughter, have fanaticism for their excuse, and impress the hearers with a solemn feeling commingled with their horror and detestation. The three Anabaptists excite our commiseration and contempt. Again, heavenly and holy as is the character of Fides, it comes too near to our every-day sympathies to elevate it to the sublime. That it has been made sublime is, we earnestly believe, owing to the genius and talents of one of the most consummate and gifted artists that ever adorned the stage. The situation of the mother with regard to her son is undoubtedly novel and removed from common notions, but the sentiments engendered thereby are such as come home to all hearts and understandings. That they are more beautiful and touching on that very account we are ready to allow, and the tears of the audience bear ample witness, but they do not purify the soul by shaking it—they make us weep, but take us not from ourselves and elevate us into unknown regions. The character of the Prophet has a glimpse of the sublime in it, at least in that scene where he is compelled to repudiate his mother, and becomes then purely tragic, without one tinge of the essence of melodrama. But Fides is undoubtedly the character in the opera to which Meyerbeer has given his most serious attention, and he has realised it with more than his usual dramatic power and skill. We know few characters in the modern opera conceived with more truthfulness, wrought with more evident art. Viardot's Fides we have already noticed at some length. We have now seen it five times, and think more highly of it after each representation. Never did genius and consummate skill go hand-in-hand together to render a performance more vivid and perfect. Pauline Viardot Garcia has raised herself higher than ever in the estimation of the English public, and has entitled herself to be ranked among the greatest artists of all times.

Mario's Raoul we considered his finest performance until we had seen his John of Leyden in the *Prophète*. Our opinions now waver between the two impersonations. The Raoul is more vivid and striking, the Jean more intense and solemn; the former is more picturesque and captivating, the latter more subtle and deep. They are equally dramatic, equally truthful, equally artistic, and equally beautiful. The Coronation scene in the *Prophète*, however, as a piece of acting, we are inclined to think superior to anything in the *Huguenots*. From the first moment when Jean recognises his mother in her terrible cry at the foot of the altar, to his benediction ere he leaves her at the end of the scene, Mario's acting must be pronounced a *chef-d'œuvre*. Every look, attitude, and motion, is rendered with the finest art and the most thrilling effect, and nature is never once violated or outraged. The manner in which he first addresses his heart-stricken mother, the reverted looks, the trembling tongue, the quivering frame, the endeavour to appear calm before the searching glances of the crowd, could not be surpassed. When to these are added the beauty and quality of Mario's voice, his magnificent style, and the intense energy and feeling of his singing, the reader may have a remote notion of this superb performance. The whole of this scene between Viardot and Mario is well worth a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Cecilia to go and see.

But we must not circumscribe Mario's splendid acting and

singing to the Coronation scene only. Nothing can be finer than his first scene with the Anabaptists, and his dream song is the very perfection of dramatic vocalization. How tenderly beautiful is the scene with the mother! and the lament for her before he leaves her, when he goes to her bed-room door and softly blesses her, is extremely touching. For passionate expression there is nothing like Mario's voice.

In the second act Mario comes out with more fire and power. Jean is an altered man; revenge has taken possession of his soul, power has drawn forth his sterner qualities, and his soul is kindled by the flames of fanaticism and religious enthusiasm. The address to the insurgent soldiers in the camp of the Anabaptists is declaimed by Mario with graphic force, and the magnificent prayer with chorus which follows, in which Jean takes the leading subject, is a splendid display of energetic and dramatic singing. Mario is nightly recalled after this scene, and received with enthusiastic applause.

We have already spoken of the third act. In the fourth, Jean's scenes are with his mother in the prison, in which the reconciliation takes place, and where Bertha enters and stabs herself, and the last scene in the banquetting-hall, when the general conflagration takes place. In neither of these does Jean play so important a part as in the preceding scenes of the former acts. He has a long duet with Fides in the prison, which is not particularly noticeable for melodic or musical beauties. The same may be said of the trio for Bertha, Fides, and Jean. The drinking song, however, in the banquetting-hall, "Beviam, e intorno giri," is a splendid vocal effort, and is nightly encored.

On the whole, while we are inclined to think that Mario's Raoul, perhaps, offers more brilliant points for vocal display than his Jean, we think he has achieved his greatest effort in the *Prophète*.

Miss Catherine Hayes's most pleasing efforts are in the beautiful duet in 6-8, in the first scene, with Pauline Viardot, and the long duet in the third act. Both these are charmingly sung, especially the former, than which we have seldom heard more admirable *ensemble* singing. Miss Hayes also displays much energy in her style and acting in the trio in the prison.

Marini, Polonini, and Luigi Mei sustain the parts of the three Anabaptists most successfully. Marini, especially, deserves much praise for his great exertion and energy in his somewhat unthankful music. His fine voice tells powerfully in the choruses and concerted pieces. The rugged, but characteristic chant, "Ad nos, ad salutarem undam," goes infinitely better than on the first night.

The choruses are splendidly sung throughout. The charming pastoral introduction in 6-8, a composition which might have been written by the author of *Guillaume Tell*, is most delightfully rendered; and the grand chorus in the same scene, "O libertade, e tua vittoria," is one of the finest efforts of the Covent Garden choir, and is nightly encored with tumultuous applause. The ferocious and fiery chorus commencing the second act, the rustic chorus of maidens and soldiers in the lake scene, and the whole of the finale to the third act, are all instances of perfect choral singing. In this last case the beauty and purity of the female voices are especially noticeable; and in the melodious chorus in D, the mezzo-soprani and contralti are no less remarkable. Mesdames Corbari and De Meric, by the way, deserve a word of strong praise for the zeal they have displayed in consenting to lead this chorus, as neither of them have eight bars of solo to sing.

The band is beyond our eulogy. To say a word of Costa, and his exertions to get up such an opera as the *Prophète* in

so short a time, is equally beyond our power. Enough: the orchestra was that of the Royal Italian Opera, and Costa wielded the baton.

Of the scenery and dresses we have spoken in our last. The lake scene is one of the best of its kind ever got up on the stage. We think, however, the Covent Garden stage would have afforded a larger field to the skaters. Thanks to Mr. Harris, the whole of this busy and life-like scene is managed with admirable effect. The sunrise at the end of the second act is most magically done, and is by far the most natural representation of a dawn we have witnessed in a theatre. A little more light should be thrown into the house. When the sun is once above the horizon, and even before it for some minutes, the daylight is at the full. The interior of the Cathedral is very grand, and the procession constitutes a magnificent and imposing pageant. No expence, apparently, has been spared on the dresses and appointments. Mario's coronation robes might furnish Madame Tussaud with imperial garments for some of her bye-gone potentates, and the dresses of the nobles are hardly less splendid and costly.

The *Prophète* has been played three times since our last, and its attraction increases nightly. The house has been crowded, and the visitors comprised most of the leading fashionables in London. Meyerbeer is all the talk, and the *Prophète* is all the talk, and Pauline Garcia, and Mario, and the band, and chorus, and Costa; in short, the present doings at the Royal Italian Opera are more the subject of general conversation than the Hungarian war, the dissolution of Parliament, the potato disease, the cholera, or the Queen's visit to Ireland.

THE "EUTERPE" OF HERODOTUS.

TRANSLATED, WITH NOTES.

(Continued from page 454.)

XLIII. I HAVE heard this said of Hercules, that he was one of the twelve gods; but, concerning the other Hercules, whom the Greeks worship, I have not been able to hear anywhere in Egypt. Indeed, that the Egyptians did not take the name of Hercules from the Greeks, but that the Greeks rather took it from the Egyptians—that is to say, those of the Greeks who gave the name of Hercules to the son of Amphitryon—I have numerous proofs. One of them is, that both the parents of this Hercules, *viz.*, Amphitryon and Alcmena, were of Egyptian origin (a). Moreover, the Egyptians profess to know the names neither of Poseidon (Neptune), nor of the Dioscuri, and have not inserted them among their gods. Now, if they had taken the name of any god from the Greeks, they would, above all, have remembered these, as they then practised navigation, and some of the Greeks were navigators. Hence, I believe that the Egyptians would rather have learned the names of these gods than that of Hercules. But there is, among the Egyptians, an ancient god Hercules, one of those in the reign of Amasis, 17,000 years ago, when the eight gods were increased to twelve.

XLIV. Wishing to gain some accurate information on this subject from some competent person, I sailed into the Phœnician Tyre, and learned that a very sacred temple of Hercules was there. This, I saw, was furnished with many rich offerings, including two columns—one of refined gold, the other of emerald (b), which shines all night. Discoursing with the priests about the god, I asked how long it was since the temple had been built, and found that even these did not agree with the Greeks; for they said that the temple was built at

the time when Tyre itself was founded, which was 2,300 years ago. I also saw, in Tyre, another temple of Hercules, surnamed the "Thasian." I, therefore, went to Thasus, where I found a temple of Hercules, built by Phœnicians, who, sailing for Europe on a voyage of discovery, colonized Thasus. Now, this happened five generations before Hercules, the son of Amphitryon, was born in Greece. These facts plainly shew that Hercules was an ancient god. Hence those of the Greeks seem to me to have acted wisely, who have built two temples to Hercules, sacrificing to one, whom they call Olympian, as an immortal, and performing funeral rites to the other, as a hero.

XLV. The Greeks utter many absurdities, including a silly fable, which they tell of Hercules. They say, that when he came to Egypt, the Egyptians crowned him, and led him in procession, as if they were about to sacrifice him to Zeus; and, that for some time he kept silent, but that when they began the ceremonies at the altar, he resumed his strength and slew them all. It seems to me that the Greeks, who tell this story, are utterly ignorant of the nature and laws of the Egyptians; for, with a people to whom it is unlawful to sacrifice any animal, excepting swine, bulls, calves (when pure), and geese, how would it be possible that they should sacrifice men? And when Hercules was only one, and, as the Greeks say, a man, was it in nature that he should slay myriads? So much have I learned of these matters, and I hope the gods and heroes will regard what I have said with indulgence.

NOTES.

(a) Plutarch mentions a bronze tablet, found on the tomb of Alcmena, in Boeotia, as containing a confirmation of this assertion.

(b) That this could not have been what we now call emerald is manifest enough. Larchner believes that the column was of coloured glass, with a light inside.

(To be continued.)

. Winckelmann's History will be continued next week.

SONNET.

NO. CCXLV.

SOME are there, who no solitude can bear,
But with unwearied labour look about,
Seeking a weapon wherewith they may rout
Those unseen foes, who the weak bosom tear.
They snatch a short oblivion,—and 'tis near,
A panacea for all woe, no doubt;—
Nay! these internal foes are wondrous stout,
Awile cut down, again their heads they rear.
Out on this mock forgetfulness!—in vain
Is ev'ry fight that is not fought within,
With in-born arms—for no assistance call.
Forget not—rather dwell upon thy pain;
Probe it e'en to its root, and then begin
To vanquish it, or (much more likely) fall.

N. D.

THE LATE MR. KENNEY.

(From *Punch*.)

THE benefit advertised in the name of Mr. Kenney was an occasion of mingled sorrow and congratulation. Ere the curtain rose, the aged author was dead: the brain that for six-and-forty years had laboured in the sweet and bitter work of dramatic literature, had ceased to ache; the hand was clay; the tongue "a tuneless instrument." It is understood that the cares and anxieties of straitened means had antedated the natural result. This is the old, old story; but more especially in England. A meridian of seeming prosperity, and a decline and old age of withering distress. Mr. Kenney

had, in his long day, lightened the cares of hundreds and hundreds of thousands—had sent multitudes smiling to their beds. He had been the means of aiding to build a large fortune for the actor; and—such is dramatic reward—he obtained for his enduring work a passing pittance. Until within a few years, the brains of Mr. Kenney were—as with every other dramatist—the free property of any manager. The dramatist, until Sir E. Bulwer Lytton gallantly protected him, bore a *caput lupinum*: he was a literary outlaw; any Crummies might, in a dramatic sense, rob and murder him; a double atrocity that generally went together. Had such a law as the present obtained in the early day of Mr. Kenney, he might by the happy exercise of his genial and refining talents have secured for the winter of his life the wherewithal to keep off winter wants. At his last day he would not have needed the aid of professional sympathy for the means, that subscribed at last, were told only upon his coffin-lid.

But—it may be asked by Political Economy; that, whatever its wisdom, is not always personified by—

"An honest man, close-buttoned to the chin,
Broad cloth without, and a warm heart within,—"

it may be asked,—what has any government to do with the necessities of a dramatist, however gifted the individual? We answer,—everything; where duties are to be performed and paid for. We at once declare our conviction that Mr. Kenney has been defrauded of his rightful due by a Whig Government; and proof shall follow closely at the heels of the accusation.

There is an officer called the Deputy Licensor. It is his duty to search the MSS. of all dramas, lest treason, disaffection, indecency, in fact aught against government or good manners, should be orally published by the actors. We have our own notion of the inutility of the office—an office denounced almost with his last words by Chatham. As well have a censor of the press, it seems to us, as of the playhouse. However, whilst the office exists, it is—in our opinion—the rightful appointment of the eldest dramatist, whose works have either advanced or honourably supported the character of the stage. The actor has his fund, with the yearly plate presented to a dining public. He has, moreover, money success—a success wholly disproportionate in its results to any conceivable prosperity of the author; for Mr. Poole, for instance, received 300*l.* only for *Paul Pry*, whilst the actor Liston must have drawn down many thousands—a very rain of wealth upon *Pry*'s classic umbrella.

Well, this appointment of Deputy Licensor—the right we contest it, of the dramatist—how has it been bestowed? For many, many years it was enjoyed by an Evangelical gentleman, who with a disgust of plays that, no doubt, did him great honour, scrupled not to take the reward of plays, which quite as certainly did him at least equal profit. He died; Mr. Larpent was gathered from a world of sin, in which fees for playhouse licenses are possibly not the least of its wickedness. To Larpent succeeded George Colman; a most proper succession—the only fitting one upon record. Colman, having purged his conscience of his dramatic impurities, by cutting out the "heavens" and "angels," and such bold speaking of other men—"cuts" never attended to, but, nevertheless, unflinchingly made—Colman dies, seeking the reward of his social virtues and official righteousness.

And now—enter Charles Kemble, comedian! In 1803, Kenney wrote *Raising the Wind*, even at the present day a household farce. Knowles had added *Virginus* to the classic drama; the kingdom was still echoing with the honest, hearty laughter of Poole's *Paul Pry*,—nevertheless, the Government

despised the claims of either of these men. Mr. Charles Kemble the actor, with the Fund at his back, and half Covent Garden in his pocket,—Mr. Charles Kemble is endowed with the office and emoluments of Deputy Licensor.

Yes; "Charles Kemble"—"classic name, Kemble"—"Siddons"—"John Kemble," and so forth: sonorous words—noble associations, &c., &c., &c. And so, the dramatist pocketed the wrong committed on him in favour of the classic actor with the classic name. But now comes the fulness of the injustice. Charles Kemble has a son named John; a robust scholar who can translate "*Beowulf*" from the Saxon. Well, the old declining Kemble is permitted by the Whigs to vacate in favour of his filial Saxon scholar, and the man deep in "*Beowulf*" is the man chosen for Deputy Licensor, *vice* Charles Kemble, who retires! A pretty juggle this of the family money-box.

Let us be understood. For Mr. Charles Kemble we have no other feeling than personal respect, elevated and enriched by happiest recollections of his actor's art. We only denounce an injustice of the Government, that careless or contemptuous of the legitimate claims of the declining dramatist—of the writer who has done the world genial service by lightening many of its heaviest hours, by making for it "a sunshine in a shady place"—compels him in the winter of his days, and (as in the case of poor Kenney) even with death at his bedside, to assume the attitude of petitioner for a passing bounty, when he has achieved the right of an honourable competence, by rendering daily work for daily hire. Many years of Mr. Kenney's life might have been made years of placid happiness; but then—there was the name of Kemble, and with it associated the great dramatic claims of the translator of "*Beowulf*."

Mr. Kenney is now beyond the sympathy or indifference of Whigs or Tories. Nevertheless, his history is not to be passed in silence. Painful for the present, we trust it may carry a wholesome warning for the future. It is a little too bad that literature should be made to wear, even for an hour, the character of petitioner—and a barren word-monger with a big name eating the bread of defrauded talent.

APOTHEGMS.

(Continued from a long time ago.)

NO. ***

MINERVA'S soul commences to fly
When the twilight sets in.

NO. ***

Follow nature. Be not a Polypus
Without a head; or a stone, but without a heart.

NO. ***

We may promise to be sincere,
But not impartial.

JULLIEN AT MANCHESTER.

(From the Manchester Guardian).

FREE Trade Hall was crowded last night—a very refreshing sight—on the occasion of M. Jullien giving one of his inimitable promenade concerts. The special occasion was the farewell to the stage and concert-room of that exquisitely-refined and graceful singer, Madame Persiani. The substratum of the orchestra was the same as on former occasions; but as the Italian Opera is still on in London, the places of Baumann, Barret, and one or two others of the soli instrumentalists, were supplied by MM. Jancourt and Delabarre, favourably known here some years ago, when with

Strauss's band. We confess to some slight disappointment at seeing that extraordinary and accomplished contra-bassist, M. Bottesini (whose surprising performances at the Concert Hall we noticed a few weeks ago), quietly taking his part in the orchestral business, but playing no solo. We are to hear him presently, however. Koenig was there; and that great wonder in a small compass, Collinet; and Rowlandson, and Sonnemberg, and Baker; and that essence and concentration of all—the Jullien himself!

The performances were marked by all that precision, shading, and fire which pre-eminently characterises his orchestral performances. We pass over the overture and selections from *Masaniello* with the remark that they were full of interest from their existing popularity and ingenious adaptation. Koenig's song on the cornet, "First love," was an admirable piece of instrumental vocalisation. We have heard many tenor singers of great pretension sing with less expression. Koenig was loudly encored. The allegretto and scherzo from Mendelssohn's symphony is a piece of exquisite Scottish landscape painting, several Scotch melodies, original and old, being grouped, and treated with a charming and sunny effect.—[! Ed.]

Madame Persiani was warmly received on this, her first public appearance in Manchester. She looked very interesting, and sang charmingly. Her first selection was Amina's song—"Cara compagna," when, almost oppressed with the consciousness of coming happiness, she pours forth a stream of melody—warm, and gushing from her young and over-charged heart. It was sung by Madame Persiani, especially the last movement, with such a combination of artistic graces—ease, fluency, and super-elaborate ornament and finish—as perhaps belongs to no other Italian singer whom she leaves behind her. She was enthusiastically applauded. But we must on.

The second part opened with a selection from Meyerbeer's *Prophète*, which was to be produced last night at the Covent Garden Opera, and which has agitated the musical world so much of late. Like the *Huguenots*, *Robert le Diable*, and, indeed, all Meyerbeer's works, it is highly descriptive, and full of bold and massive effects. The solos are arranged with an admirable perception of musical fitness to the principal wind instruments, but we wish that some means of marking the divisions more clearly could be hit upon by the fertile genius of M. Jullien. We were much pleased with the solos of the horn, cornet (Koenig), flute (Pratten), and ophicleide. We shall enjoy it much more on a second hearing. The selection was well received. To this succeeded a duet, for oboe and bassoon, by MM. Delabarre and Jancourt. Both, without possessing those highest excellences of style and finish which we cheerfully ascribe to Barret and the admirable Baumann, exhibit great purity of tone and great executive power. The duet was admirably played. We had one glimpse of Beethoven,—so precious, because so brief. It was the lovely allegro and the graphic "storm movement," from the *Pastorale*. In the latter, the wild and gloomy spirit of Beethoven, or shall we rather say, his fine poetic fancy, when the dark cloud is on him—stalks forth with a power more than human, and revels in the war of elements which himself excites with almost a fiendish pleasure. But stay—that divine strain of flowing melody which denotes the subsidence of the storm, suggests nought but tranquil beauty and peace. To the credit of the immense audience, their attention was markedly arrested by this selection from the pastoral symphony.

Madame Persiani almost exhausted the resources of florid grace and consummate vocalisation in her ornate and super-decorative delivery of "Una voce." She was enthusiastically encored.

Mr. Day, the boy violinist of only a few years gone by, has advanced in artistic qualities as in years. His execution of De Berio's tremolo (the leading subject of Beethoven's sonata in A, for violin and pianoforte), was first-rate, both for tone and delivery. He was encored, and then played a couple of variations upon "Hope told a flattering tale." The drum polka, with its corps of auxiliary drummers, and its "stunning" effects, was the finale, about eleven o'clock.

There was a more than usually strong orchestra of strings, which we were glad to see. Another concert is to be given on the 7th of August, when Persiani is to sing again, and our musical readers will then have an opportunity of hearing Bottesini.

JULLIEN IN DUBLIN.

(From the Evening Packet.)

THE farewell engagement of Madame Persiani in our city has been marked by greater excitement than we remember to have been occasioned by the appearance of any vocalist except Jenny Lind. As a matter of course, we expected a crowd last night, and therefore were early in attendance; but what was our surprise to find the large room densely crowded in every part, and hundreds vainly clamouring for admission. The reserved seats, as well as the body of the room, were, in fact, entirely occupied a few minutes after the opening of the doors, and the late comers were obliged, most reluctantly, to postpone the enjoyment they anticipated until this evening, when, doubtless, another overflow will take place.

The concert began with the overture to *Masaniello*, finely played by the band, directed by Jullien with his accustomed energy, tact, and precision, and his own quadrille, arranged from airs selected from the same opera, followed. This was rewarded with loud plaudits. Koenig's delicious solos adding greatly to the effect. Nothing could surpass the expressiveness with which this gifted *artiste* rendered the next piece, Roch Albert's plaintive song of "First Love," which was followed by an enthusiastic encore.

Inconveniently crowded as the room was, and suffering from heat and pressure as the auditors were, we are convinced that not one retired without a conviction that in Madame Persiani's singing alone ample repayment was rendered for every annoyance. Her first cavatina, one of the gems from *Sonnambula*, exhibited an unimpaired power of voice and brilliancy of execution that must make all lovers of music regret her retirement from a profession of which she has been one of the brightest ornaments. She was listened to in breathless silence, and on concluding was greeted with volleys of applause. An *encore*, of course, was demanded amidst renewed cheering, with which the fair *artiste* gracefully complied, and was again rapturously and cordially applauded. In the second part, Persiani's rendering of the cavatina, "Una voce," in the opinion of many, exceeded her previous effort. Without question, the full resources of her brilliant talent seemed here brought into play. The exquisite clearness and power of her voice, together with a tastefulness peculiarly her own in the *floriture*, produced an effect at once thrilling and delightful. She was encored rapturously, and finally retired for the evening amidst a thousand plaudits.

The second part of the concert was distinguished by the production, for the first time in this city, of selections from the celebrated *Prophète* of Meyerbeer, which were magnificently given by Jullien's fine band, the cornet and other solos being rewarded with rapturous plaudits. The popular and animated Drum Polka concluded the entertainment, the best proof of the attractiveness of which was that notwithstanding the heat, notwithstanding the pressure, the vast crowd did not separate till the last roll of drums gave notice that the concert had ended.

After this evening's performance, M. Jullien will proceed to Cork, in which city he will give two concerts; and we are gratified in being able to announce that, in compliance with many solicitations, he will then return to Dublin, and afford us another opportunity of musical enjoyment.

HORACE SMITH.

IN a late number we noticed the death of this amiable man and talented writer, of a peculiarly inappropriate disease—*ossification* of the heart, a malady which we should sooner expected to have carried off a Cobden than a Smith. The subject of this sketch, who, with his late brother, so long shone conspicuous in the world of letters,—"*fratres Heleni, lucida sidera*," was the son of Mr. Robert Smith, solicitor to the Board of Ordnance, in which lucrative seat he was succeeded by his son James. The eldest son had long been known as a wit and humourist, and by his numerous brilliant contributions to the *Pic Nic* newspaper, before Horace Smith appeared on the stage. Gifted by Nature with an equal, or, perhaps, a keener perception of the ridiculous in life, than his brother, having, moreover, a silent undercurrent of deep

feeling, and endowed with extraordinary powers of observation and imitation, Horace, stimulated by his relation's example, soon shone forth with all the effulgency of a wit of the highest order. Affectionately uniting in literary speculations with his brother, he contributed to the *Monthly Review* a series of poetical parodies, &c., entitled "Horace in London," in which the gaiety of the old Roman is found, if the graceful flow of his verse and the profundity of his worldly reflections be wanting. James Smith had peculiarities unknown to his brother, and with boundless humour, and considerable learning, he was the Homer of a dinner party. No one, perhaps, had more materials of greatness as a writer; as Lady Blessington said, "If James Smith had not been a witty man, he would have been a great one."

Wonderful, however, as were his powers of parodying—pointed as were his epigrams—and brilliant as were his *jeu de mots*,—in neither did he leave behind his brother Horace. In 1812 appeared the well-known "Rejected Addresses," perhaps the happiest, wittiest, merriest, little impromptu ever dashed off in a few weeks. The idea of the proprietors of the new theatre in Drury Lane offering a prize for the best poetical address, presented a rare opportunity for parodying the poets of the day. In six short weeks this *par nobile fratrum* hit off inimitable caricatures of Wordsworth, Cobbett, Southey, Coleridge, Crabbe, Scott, Monk Lewis, Byron, Johnson, &c.; the first five being written by the elder, and the latter by the younger "imp of fame." Of these by far the happiest are the grotesque imitations of Crabbe and Wordsworth by James, and that of Scott by Horace Smith. The occasional prosaic simplicity of the bard of Windermere, the studious homely detail of Crabbe, are equalled if not surpassed by the death of "Higinbottom, the fireman," a parody of that of Marmion in Scott's romance of that name. The chivalric tone, the irregular metre, are caricatured with an affected gravity that would make even a Cynic roar with laughter at the odd resemblance. This little work had immense success; it amused the thinkers and pleased the thoughtless, and rapidly ran through eighteen editions. James Smith wrote but little after this, but sketched for magazines, joked at clubs like a cheerful "vieux garcon," and shone at routes and conversaziones. By Mr. Strachan, the royal printer, he was left a legacy of £3000 as a token of esteem, a princely bequest, perhaps considerably increased by the following epigram, written when Mr. Strachan was suffering from gout:—

"Your lower limbs seemed far from stout,
When last I saw you walk,
The cause I presently found out,
When you began to talk.

The power that props the body's length,
In due proportion spread,
In you moun't upward, and the strength
All settles in the head."

By three short farces written for Charles Matthews, a kindred spirit, he is reported to have cleared 1000*l*.

Mr. Horace Smith is said to have been one of the earliest imitators in that boundless field opened by the "erie" spells of the Wizard of the North—the historic romance. The idea of vivifying the black skeleton of ancient chronicles was carried out by Smith in his romance of "Brambletye House," suggested by "Peveril of the Peak," and opening up further the path already begun by his great pioneer. Some tales of the plague are sketched with ghastly force, and the scenes at Amsterdam are picturesque enough. Critics complained, but the public showered down their golden favours on the talented debutant,

and bought the book. Next, we believe, the author wrote the "Monied Man," in which he drew what no one better knew—London Life. A crowd of novels and novelettes followed: "Tor Hill," "Zillah," "The Midsummer Medley," "Love and Mesmerism," "James Lomax," "The Merchant," "Adam Brown," "Walter Colyton," "The Involuntary Prophet," all successful at the time, and still thumbed by frequenters of circulating libraries. Smith, with his fun, warmth of heart, and refined tastes, escaped that blunting of our finer feelings which unfortunately is found amongst "city men," and which makes mean peddlers of the merchant princes of yore. Shelly said to Leigh Hunt, "The only truly generous person I ever knew, who had money to be generous with, is a stock-broker, and he writes poetry too; he writes poetry and pastoral dramas, and yet knows how to make money, and does make it, and is still generous." In a wild rhapsodising epistle to a friend, Shelley says of the modern Horace's wit and sense:—

"Virtue and human knowledge, all that might
Make this dull world a business of delight,
Are all combined in H. S."

The poetry of Horace Smith consisted chiefly of *vers de société*, brilliant ephemera which fluttered gaily about a drawing-room for a brilliant evening, and were forgotten. A few of his pieces are, however, of a far higher character, and indicate an extraordinary and rare compound of humour and sentiment. Pre-eminent among these may we place the lines on a mummy of Egypt, beginning

"And thou hast walked about (how strange a story!)"

Horace Smith was a genial spirit, remarkable if only for this, that he united in himself those antipodes, trade and literature, and those distinctive faculties of our wonderfully formed minds, wit and sentiment. One by one authors drop into the grave, and our band of veteran writers becomes smaller daily. Moore is old; Wordsworth is old; Christopher North is old. Who takes the place of this venerable band? *The funny school*.

THE DISTINS IN AMERICA.

(From the Montreal Gazette.)

THE Distins gave their first concert on Wednesday evening, the 11th ult., in Donegana's large room, to a very numerous and highly-delighted audience, if we may judge from the enthusiastic manner in which they were applauded. The programme contained some five selections from the operas of *Lucia di Lammermoor* and *La Sonnambula*, &c. The opening quartette was beautifully played by Mr. Distin and Sons; the next piece was an aria "Va Pensiero," from the opera of *Nabucco*, sung by Miss M. O'Connor, and was given with great taste and expression, and elicited very marked applause; in fact, the audience, throughout the evening, evinced their satisfaction by demanding in the loudest manner several encores, amongst which was the solo of "All is lost," most beautifully given by Mr. Henry Distin, and the Fantasia for the Trumpet, the "Soldier Tired," composed by Dr. Arne, and played in the most masterly manner by Mr. Distin, senr. When we consider that the part is written for the voice, and take into consideration the nature of the instrument, we feel astonished, as well as pleased, at the skill and taste shown by this talented gentleman. Where every thing was well played and sung, it is a difficult task to select; but we must mention the song of "Hark! ye soldiers," by Mr. H. Distin; "Kathleen

Mavourneen," by Miss O Connor; Glee of "Sleep Gentle Lady;" the Jenny Lind Fantasia, and grand finale of "God Save the Queen," which some loyal gentlemen wished to have repeated. We would advise all lovers of music to attend the next and last concert of these very talented artists to-morrow evening.

BEETHOVEN'S SYMPHONIES.

No. III.—OP. 55.

(Continued from page 475.)

THE *Marcia Funebre* which constitutes the slow movement of this symphony, is by very much the most individually prominent portion of the work. It is not, however, I think, so much to its excellence in beauty of all the other movements as to its distinctness of character that the individual prominence of this Adagio is to be attributed, unless we have a right to consider that such distinctness of character being decidedly intentional; indeed the obviously chief design of the composition, it may be said to form in itself the principal beauty of the movement.

There is perhaps not in the whole range of music anything that produces so overpowering and so enduring an impression as does this movement; I know of nothing that so completely paints the emotion of solemn and earnest grief—of nothing that so irresistibly imparts the passion it embodies to all who hear it, suffuses the hearts, enchains the sympathies, of a whole audience. It is in this that the noblest province of the highest art is fulfilled, when, namely, in witnessing a work of imagination, an assembly is moved by one common impulse, and thus bound in one common feeling; when the personality, the identity of every divisible member is merged in the general individuality of the whole; when unity of sentiment, community of sympathy, makes a mass as one, a multitude individual. It is rarely that such coincidence of emotion is produced by causes in the actual world; and when produced, the feelings thus affected are, for the most part, of the wildest and the worst that modify our nature—of revenge, of hatred, of revolt—such as blacken not brighten the beings whom they excite; whatever of good or evil may result to the world from their exercise, it is almost exclusively to art alone that it belongs to move the gentler and the better passions of the human heart in an assembled many; and it is, I submit, in the knitting this chain of the most exalted sympathy that the highest art fulfils its noblest province. If anything can equal there is nothing can exceed the movement under notice in this effect upon an audience, of taking them out of themselves to make them one with the author, and of making this union general of all that are subject to musical influence. I believe it is impossible for any one of musical susceptibility to hear this composition and not to be filled with feelings of profoundest melancholy, and thus is a multitude moved as by the proper grief of each person; yes, indeed, without the aid of words, of illustrative action, this produces the most powerful of all dramatic effect, namely, it involves all who hear it in its own passion, it makes every auditor a will-less agent in the scene it creates; it is not to be admired as the expression of a feeling, it excites that feeling, or it is that feeling in those who witness its performance; it is not for us to hear, but of us to feel; it is the realization of the poet's thought—

"I am not thine, I am a part of thee!"

Let us, however, always bear in mind that while this music depresses, or, perhaps better, overshadows the feeling, it

elevates the intelligence, exalts the spirit of the hearer. It is not because we transiently participate in the various sorrows of Antigone, of Phedra, of Lear, of Othello, of Juliet, because we experience the presence of a mighty grief in the performance of the Adagio of the *Eroica* Symphony, that it is the province or the property of a work of art to engender misery in those to whom it is presented. The duty of the artist is so to sublime the subject which he treats, by the expression that he gives to it, as to raise the intellect, to dignify the sensitiveness of those who are impressed by it; and, since the intellect, the sensitiveness, are most susceptible through the medium of the passions, the excitement of these, even to transient pain, is a legitimate means of art towards the accomplishment of a greater end.

What wonders us most, and yet what most should satisfy us, is the extreme simplicity by means of which the great effect of this movement is produced; it is marvellous that so much should result from so very little; in accordance with all example, we find in this that the entirely simple is the true sublime. We have here no overpowering assemblage of instruments, the score comprising nothing more than the ordinary complement of wind instruments, without trombones, or ophicleide, or the military instruments of percussion, and the drums and trumpets being employed, although with prodigious effect, but very rarely in the course of the whole. We have here no extraneous nor extravagant modulations, every progression from key to key being entirely euphonious and natural; that these progressions are sometimes surprising, is indeed true; and this proves the great skill of the master who has succeeded in creating an effect by the alternation of purely relative keys only, such as could not be surpassed were the utmost excesses of chromatic and enharmonic research called into play to rival it. We have here no quaintness, no strained originality of phrase arising from the wilful, not spontaneous, introduction of unusual intervals; no singularity of rhythm produced by the studied prolongation or abbreviation of a metrical section; nothing, in fact, of such artifices as the technical acquirements alone of a composer may suggest to him, that are too often proved to be the end instead of the means of a musician's effects, and which then evidence to the world how wholly vain are the labours of the schoolman, if he be not lighted at his task by the lamp of genius. The very concise and simple plan of the present movement may be succinctly described in a few words. There is a solemn "March" (I use the composer's designation) in C minor, consisting of a first and a second part, each repeated with varied instrumentation, and a short coda; then follows a Trio in C major, consisting also of a first and a second part; after this we have a repetition of a portion of the March, and this is interrupted by the introduction of a short fugue, which may be considered as a second episode, the Trio being the first; after this the whole of the March is repeated with the instrumentation greatly elaborated; and, finally, there is a somewhat lengthened coda that naturally arises out of what precedes it, of which it is the evidently consequent conclusion. In this outline we recognize the form of the *Rondo*, to which Haydn gave dignity by means of his ingenious contrapuntal artifices, but which multitudinous trivial composers have proved to be capable of giving but little interest to a piece of music, by the almost infinite insipidities that they have cast into it. This form of composition, however, though it may be trite, square, one may say matter-of-course, furnishes always one effect ready to the hand of every musician who adopts it, which never fails to strike either the initiated or the uninitiated in music; this is the return to the subject after an episode, which is, generally,

more or less a surprise, and always pleasing to those who hear it. It will be readily admitted that it is not to any peculiarity, or ingenuity, any more than to originality of construction, that the movement we are examining owes its pre-eminently great effect; it is conspicuously to the wonderful art with which this outline is filled up—the offspring of the inner mind of the master, not the consequence of external conventionalities—that we are wholly and only to ascribe the great power which this movement unflinchingly possesses; it is to the extraordinary genius and musicianship displayed in the details of this familiar outline—perhaps, we may consider especially, in the consummate artistry evinced in the application of that effect which I have spoken of as always surely striking, namely, the re-entry of the principal subject, which is in this instance, from the manner of its introduction, transcendently impressive.

G. A. MACFARREN.

(To be continued.)

ERRATUM.—The last musical example, at page 174 of last week's number, should have been printed at the end of the first paragraph of page 175. It is quoted from the commencement of the Coda of the first movement, and reference is made to it in this part of the letter-press.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

NEW STRAND.

MR. MARK LEMON, whom, with regret, we have long missed from the list of producing dramatists, has written a new drama, with a very pretty sort of story, and evincing much skill in the art of gradually working up the interest of an audience. This drama, which is called *Hearts are Trumps*, was produced on Monday night, at the New Strand Theatre, with decided success.

The hero of the piece, Mr. Ruby (Mr. W. Farren), is a confirmed gambler and blackleg, but, like many other dramatic characters of his class, he has a redeeming point about him, and is not so bad as his associates. The redeeming point is his love for his daughter (Mrs. Sterling), whom he brings up in the country as "Miss Gray," in total ignorance of his real condition. His accomplice, Captain Wagstaff (Mr. Leigh Murray), proposes himself as a suitor for the hand of the fair rustic, whom he has accidentally seen, but is rejected with indignation by the father, who would not, on any account, see his daughter united to one of his own stamp. Wagstaff, to be revenged, reveals to the daughter the fatal secret, that her father is a blackleg, and that the name "Gray" is only an *alias*. A most powerful scene is the consequence. The daughter has been in the habit of sending letters directed "Gray" to the house where her father, as "Ruby," is in the habit of plundering his victims, and having found an amiable gentleman, named Wilmot (Mr. Forrester), as a suitor for her hand, she sends him with a letter of the sort to obtain her father's consent. This very Wilmot has been selected as a victim by the gamblers, who, for a while, keep back the introductory letter from Ruby, in consequence of the observation that a certain communication in a crowquill hand generally softens his predatory disposition. Ruby, therefore, who is unaware of Wilmot's acquaintance with his daughter, joins with the rest in cheating him at cards, when the letter accidentally falls into his hands. Resolved to save the victim, he now allows him to win, is denounced as a traitor by Captain Wagstaff, and is engaged in personal conflict with that gentleman at the very moment when his daughter, resolved to fathom the fatal secret, enters the room. The scene discloses everything; the agony of the daughter, the abject humiliation of the father, and the remorse of Wagstaff are all brought powerfully to a point, and the concentra-

tion is most effective. In the earlier portions of the drama, which may be considered as introductory to this situation, the author has occasionally worked too lengthily on hackneyed means, but this scene is so powerful that it compensates for any defect that may have preceded it. The whole, as may be supposed, concludes with the contrition of Ruby, and the union of Miss Gray with her respected lover.

We have rarely seen a better acted piece than *Hearts are Trumps*. The point where the contrite father shrinks from his child, and she, after a moment's hesitation, drops on his neck with a strong reaction of love, was the very perfection of dramatic pathos on the part of Mr. Farren and Mrs. Sterling. Mr. Leigh Murray is, by his appearance, especially adapted to the expression of an honest, hearty emotion, but he gave the vindictive villainy of Wagstaff with good effect, while Mr. Turner carefully represented a more wily miscreant. A Yorkshire lad, rather of the *passé* order, but seasoned with good lines, was acted with real unction by Mr. Compton.

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC AT YORK.

(From our own Correspondent.)

MR. J. L. PRITCHARD, the watchful and energetic manager of our Theatre Royal, ever on the look out to supply novelty for his visitors, and diversify their amusements, engaged, last week, a small Italian company, and gave three operatic, or more properly, mixed-operatic performances. I attended two of the three, and here are my simple opinions.

The performances on Monday consisted of a selection from Rossini's *Barbiere*, the principal artists being Signor Paltoni (Figaro), Signor Guidi (Conte d'Almaviva), and Rosina (Signora Borsi Deleurie), and a miscellaneous concert.

Signor Paltoni is well known as a good, sterling, buffo singer. His Barber was full of life and bustle, and the music of the part was given with much effect. The "Largo al Factotum" was loudly applauded. Signor Guidi has a tolerable tenor voice, but Rossini's *spirituel* and florid music did not appear to suit him. Signora Borsi Deleurie, in Rosina, pleased your humble servant, and everybody else, immensely. She is very young, very handsome, and looks exceedingly interesting on the stage. Her voice is a *mezzo soprano*, or, perhaps, a *contralto*, of a fine round quality, and she is evidently an experienced singer. She is described in the bills as from the Theatre Malibran, in Venice. I understand it was her first appearance in England.* She gave the famous cavatina, "Una voce poco fa," with considerable skill, and made some excellent points in the acting: some of her *cadenzas*, however, were too difficult to be surmounted with ease. She sang it, by the way, in the original key, E. The charming artist showed also to great advantage, and pleased generally, in the duet with Figaro, "Dunque io son," and the terzetto with the Count and Figaro, "Ah! qual colpo." The success of Signora Borsi Deleurie, on our boards, was undoubted; and she was recalled at the end of the *Barbiere*, and obtained unusual demonstrations of applause.

In the concert which followed, what I have particularly to notice is the singing of Mademoiselle Paltoni, the daughter of Signor Paltoni, the buffo singer, which created a highly favourable impression on the audience. I never heard, or heard of, this young lady before. She sang Hobbs's "Captive Greek Girl," a composition of no great merit or musical pretensions, to my thinking, at least, but not badly adapted to exhibit the pathetic and tender in singing. Madlle. Paltoni has a clear and sweetly-toned *soprano* voice, well-regulated and under good command. Her expression is, perhaps, a trifle on the side of exaggeration, but this is a fault soon amended. Her father, I learn, intends bringing her out on the English stage. She speaks English perfectly well, without the least thickness or

* Our correspondent is wrong. Signora Borsi has sung, and successfully, at Exeter Hall, at Manchester, and Liverpool.—Ed.

patois. By the way, the same thing may be said of Signora Borsi Deleurie, who sang, "By the margin of Zurich's fair waters," with the perfect accent and pronunciation of a native, and exceedingly well too. The rest of the concert would not particularly interest you or your readers, so you may imagine it if you please.

The second performance consisted of a selection, including the most popular pieces from Donizetti's favourite opera, *L'Elisir d'Amore*, with a farce, a scene from the *Lucia di Lammermoor* for Signor Guidi, and a miscellaneous concert.

Signora Borsi Deleurie sang the music of Adina very charmingly. Paltoni was laughable and good in his share of *Dulcamara*, although I have seen the Lablache; and Signor Guidi was better in Nemorino than in *Count Almaviva*. The last-named gentleman sang the beautiful *romanza*, "Una furtiva lagrima," with much expression and taste. The *barcarole* for two voices was given in excellent style by Madlles. Borsi and Paltoni.

The farce called *English, Irish, and Scotch* followed, which, though indifferently played, excited considerable merriment.

Edgaro's grand *scena* from the *Lucia* is entirely beyond Signor Guidi's powers. Such a *scena*, vocally and histrionically speaking, demands the transcendent capabilities of a Mario to render it full justice.

In the concert which followed, I find nothing particular to attract your attention, although there were some bold efforts on the part of the artists. Signora Borsi Deleurie and Madlle. Paltoni, for instance, sang Grisi and Albou's duet, "Giorno d'orrore," from *Semiramide*, and were loudly applauded; and Signora Borsi Deleurie and Signori Guidi and Paltoni gave the well-known *terzetto* from *Ernani*.

The house, on both occasions, was well and fashionably attended, and the performances of the second night (Wednesday) gave such universal satisfaction, that they were repeated, by general desire, on Friday.

The theatre closed on Saturday, and will not re-open until the York races week.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

STERNDALE BENNETT.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Can you inform me, through the medium of your valuable paper (the *Musical World*), if "W. Sterndale Bennett has composed any *sonatas* or *duets* for *piano* and *violin*?"—And oblige, sir, your most obedient servant,

M. H. GRIST.

Brick House, Strand, May 5th, 1849.

[We believe not; but Messrs. Coventry, and Co., the publishers of Mr. Bennett's music, can, perhaps, answer more satisfactorily.]—Ed.

THE TONAL SYSTEM.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Your number of Oct. 28th, 1848, contains a letter on the Tonal System, by Teutonius, which states that "the ancient North Asiatic tribes, like the Gaelic Scots, confined their scales to but five different sounds (G, A, B, D, E)."

May I beg to ask, through the medium of your pages, what authority there is for this statement regarding *ancient North Asiatic tribes*. All my own researches have led me to consider *ancient South Asiatic nations* as the source from which the Gaelic (or Celtic) form of melody emanated.

Information upon this very interesting subject would not occupy your space idly. Your obedient servant,

SHANDON.

REVIEWS OF MUSIC.

"The Standard Lyric Drama," Volume IV.—"La Sonnambula."—BOOSEY & CO.

THE editor, Mr. J. W. Mould, is entitled to considerable praise for the careful and correct manner in which he has presented to the public one of the most popular operas of modern

times. Mr. Mould need have offered no apology in his preface for introducing into the *Standard Lyric Drama* Bellini's *Sonnambula*. The work will be always, to a certain extent, felt and appreciated, and consequently purchased, which we take to be the main desire of both editor and publisher. The volume is as neat and complete as its predecessors, *The Marriage of Figaro*, *Norma*, and *Barbiere*. The musical text, under the supervision of Mr. W. S. Rockstro, has been amended and enlarged from the composer's original manuscript score, and the poetry has been surmounted in its difficulties with much ease and grace. As many of the songs of the opera have been long familiarised by their English names to the public, Mr. Mould has thought proper to retain Mr. Fitzball's titles, and, in some cases, his verses, slightly altered. This we would designate a graceful obeisance to general opinion.

Mr. J. W. Mould has supplied a preface to the work, in which those who admire matters of the kind may discover abundant information respecting the first production of the opera, the various casts in England at different theatres, and discursive and cogent strictures anent the several impersonations of Amina, from *Pasta upwards* to Jenny Lind *downwards*. All these details, faithfully given, will doubtless find favour in the eyes of the curiously disposed to operatic statistics.

The fourth volume of the *Standard Lyric Drama* is dedicated with peculiar propriety to the memory of Malibran; and we should feel that the editor was paying his deepest and largest homage to the mighty dead, did he not subsequently, in the preface, neutralise all compliment and tributary praise, by placing Jenny Lind's performance of Amina above that of Malibran!!! Mr. Mould alludes to a criticism on Malibran's Amina in some journal of the day, when the *Sonnambula* was first performed at Covent-Garden, and quotes a passage as entirely coinciding with his own opinions. The passage runs as follows:—"First among the first, to our thinking, she was and is. The greatest compliment that can be paid to her singing, is to say, that it is equal to her acting; the greatest to her acting, that it is worthy of her singing: both are close upon perfection, and, taking the extraordinary combination of the two in one person into consideration, her performance on the whole may be described as reaching it. We cannot say more; we dare not say less. We may notice other performances—hers we have only to record; for criticism, whose province it is to teach others, goes to school to learn of Madame Malibran!"

Such are the opinions which Mr. Mould has adduced as entirely agreeing with his own respecting the acting and singing of Malibran, which, notwithstanding, he would fain have his readers to imagine must rank inferior to the histrionic and vocal powers of the "Swedish Nightingale," an idea so utterly preposterous, that in pity to the judgment of the editor, who is a very young man, we must believe that he never saw or heard Malibran at all. If Mr. Mould design to lay any stress upon his future criticisms, he must eschew altogether comparisons instituted between two such wide-apart and genius-separated artists as Malibran and Jenny Lind.

Der Frieschutz will be the next work issued by the publisher of the *Standard Lyric Drama*.

"Of what are you thinking, Jenny?"—"I'm thinking now of thee, Jamie!"—D'ALMAINE & CO.

THESE are two attempts at the Scotch ballad style, the name of the composer and poet being omitted. Neither poet nor composer, however, had any cause to conceal his name; the songs are entirely harmless. In lieu of poetic feeling or

novelty in writing words for songs, a new idea has lately been started by some speculative genius, and we have now provided for vocal displays a question proposed by a gentleman and answered by a lady, or *vice versa*. Once start a new notion, and it is wonderful what a pack follow in pursuit, although the game be never so little worth the hunting. Numerous questions have already been asked in song, and, of course, faithfully responded to; numerous publishers have set them afloat; and numerous voices have done justice to their merits. "Will you love me then as now?" is answered by "Yes, I will love you then as now!" and "Will you leave me lonely, Paddy?" is responded to by, "How could I leave you lonely, Fanny!" This is the style in vogue, patronised by young ladies in the blush and bloom, and encouraged by minor singers at minor concert rooms. The best song—or rather songs, for they are twinned—of this class which has come within our notice is one, or rather two, published in Dublin within the last twelve months. Some short period after these inquisitive ballads made their appearance and gained their reputation in public, a certain well-known publisher in Dame Street exposed for show in his windows a song entitled, "Why are you pock-marked, Paddy aroon?" The novelty of the title and the comic expectations suggested thereby achieved for the song an enormous sale. But the purchasers were most of them grievously disappointed. The song was a serious one, and highly affecting. The music, however, was good, and that made much amends. The greatest curiosity was awakened for the answer, which was daily expected, as the publisher, in compliance with the prevailing taste, had promised a response, and had set to work for that especial purpose the pet poet and musician of his establishment. At length it was advertised in *Saunders' News*, and the *Register*, that on a certain day would be published an answer to the popular ballad, "Why are you pock-marked, Paddy aroon?" The ballad had no significance in its title. It was called simply "An answer to," &c. In this respect it differed from the English songs, which invariably give their response in the title-page. The first verse of the poetry, however, explained all. It ran thus:—

"You axe me, Norah, why me face
Was scarred wid holes and foully chated
By that blaggard disease—bekaase
I never wasn't vaccinated."

The sale of the answer did not come up to the publisher's expectations.

The songs under review belong to this class. They are by no means devoid of merit, the subjects being simple and neat, and the words of average worth.

"Sir Henry Bishop's Edition of Handel's Works."—D'ALMAINE & Co.

THE first number of the *Israel in Egypt*, and the first of the *Acis and Galatea* of a new edition of Handel's works, to be published in monthly parts, have been transmitted to us for review. A cheap edition of Handel's works has already been issued by Mr. Novello, of Dean Street. Sir Henry Bishop's edition is of a larger size than Mr. Novello's, it being the imperial quarto; but the print is somewhat smaller. Each part will contain sixteen pages. The *Israel in Egypt* will be completed in twelve numbers, and the *Acis and Galatea* in six.

We are glad to find that the publishers are instigated by an increasing demand on the part of the public for Handel's works to issue the forthcoming edition. If this be the case, there cannot be too many cheap editions of the mighty master.

"*Jeanie and Donald*." The Poetry written by STUART FARQUHARSON, D.C.L., the Music composed by G. A. HODSON.—D'ALMAINE & Co.

An air which pleases us, and words with which we can find little or no fault, must needs be a strong stimulus to our recommendation. The ballad has one deficiency. It is written in dialogue between Jeanie and Donald, and would on that account be better adapted for a duet. Mr. Hodson's tune is pretty, and the accompaniments smooth and regular.

ROUGET DE LILLE.

M. JOSEPH ROUGET DE LILLE, the author and composer of the celebrated National Song and March, usually called the "Marseilles Hymn," or "Marsellaise," was born on the 10th of May, 1760, at Lons de Aubrier, and died in 1836. This song was first called *L'Offrande à la Liberté*, but subsequently received its present name on account of its being introduced into Paris by the Marseilles Confederates in 1792.

It was composed early in the French revolution, its author being at that time an officer in the engineer corps at Strasbourg, with a view of supplanting the vulgar songs then in vogue relative to the struggle then going on.

The words and music were composed in one night. Rouget de Lille had been wounded at Quiberon, and in spite of his republican opinions was persecuted and imprisoned by the terrorists, but liberated on the 9th Thermidor, and fled to Germany. It was there where Klopstock met him at Hamburg, and exclaimed to him, "Monster! 50,000 brave Germans have been victims to the influence of your song!" The Marseillaise was suppressed, of course, under the empire and the Bourbons; but the revolution of 1830 called it up anew, and it has now again become the national song of the French patriots. The "Citizen King" bestowed upon its composer, from 1830, a pension of 1500 francs from his private purse. We question very strongly, however, whether, under present circumstances, he will be inclined to do him still further honour by erecting a monument to his memory.

Rouget de Lille has also written and composed a great many other songs, of which divers collections have been published; also the famous *Chant de Vengeances*, which was performed in the Grand Opera House at Paris in 1798, with the view of inflaming the hatred of the French against the English. In the same year he wrote *Ecole des Mères*, and published, in 1825, "*Cinquante chants Français*"

THE SAN CARLO.

KING CHARLES having gained a great victory in the battle of Velletri, he was satisfied that the crown of both Sicilies were secured to him. He therefore commenced to beautify Naples by erecting several magnificent buildings, and gave moreover orders to build, in the shortest time possible, a theatre, which should, in point of size and splendour, surpass every other theatre throughout the civilized world. Medrano made the plans of it, and the architect, Angelo Carsale, was appointed to construct it. Carsale was of humble origin, but was a man of great genius, and had already become celebrated by the erection of several grand and magnificent edifices. He selected for the site of the theatre a place close by the royal castle; caused entire blocks of houses to be torn down, and added yet a large square in order to have space enough for the production of grand spectacle and battle pieces. The building was commenced in March, 1737, and was completed in October of the same year; and the first performance took place on the 4th of November, the birthday of the King. The entire

interior of the theatre was covered with crystal looking-glasses, which produced a most wonderful effect when the thousands of candles around the building were lighted. King Charles himself, although accustomed to great splendour, was filled with surprise when he entered, and so delighted that he embraced the architect in the presence of thousands of spectators, who had there assembled. "There is only one thing wanting, my dear master," he said at last; "the theatre being so near to our palace, we should have been much pleased if you had caused a private passage-way to be made from our palace to the theatre." The architect looked abashed; but when the King, after the performance was over, was about leaving his box, Carsale approached his royal master and begged him to follow. Three hours only had passed—yet in this short time Carsale had succeeded in doing that which would have appeared impossible to any other man. Walls had been excavated, bridges made, and flights of stairs erected, all of which were covered with costly cloth, whilst from the walls looking-glasses and numberless ornaments were suspended. The King was so pleased, that he gave the architect many proofs of his favour. This soon excited the envy of the courtiers: they accused him of being a defaulter, and, as his accounts were not quite correct, he was threatened with the prison. He hastened to the King, and begged him to defend him: but the influence of his enemies was too strong; he was thrown into the prison of San Elms, where he died in 1816. Eighty years afterwards, this magnificent building of Carsales was destroyed by fire, which had originated during a rehearsal. Four months after, the theatre was rebuilt, and exceeded the former in splendour.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

MONTREAL, EAST CANADA, July 15.—(Extract from a private letter.)—"No doubt you have heard of the sudden death of poor Wilson, the Scotch vocalist, who died last Sunday, at Quebec. I have enclosed you a paragraph with the particulars. The Distins have given three concerts here with great success, notwithstanding the immense heat. You may imagine how warm it is, when I tell you that the thermometer has been 99° and 101° in the shade. Indeed, we are told the heat is more oppressive here than in the West Indies. The Distins go next week to Kingston, Hamilton, Toronto, thence to Buffalo, Niagara, &c. Mons. and Madame Laborde, from the Brussels Opera, give concerts here next week. J. L. Hatton, the English composer, singer, and pianist, is in Boston.

"P.S.—Since writing the enclosed, I have seen a gentleman who has just arrived with Wilson's daughters. He tells me most decidedly that it was Asiatic cholera of which he died, although the newspapers have endeavoured to keep it quiet. The malady is raging in Quebec. It was with the greatest difficulty that any one could be persuaded to enter poor Wilson's room, so much alarm was caused by the nature of his disease."

LIVERPOOL FESTIVAL.

The following list of the band which Mr. Benedict, the conductor, has engaged for the great musical meeting, may give some notion of the grand scale on which the performances will be conducted:—

FIRST VIOLINS.—London: Sainton and Blagrove, principals; Cooper, Cusins, Dando, Goffrie, Griesbach, Mellon, Nadaud, Seymour, Tolbecque,

Thirlwall, Thomas, and Willy. Liverpool: Eyton, Adelsberg, Gribbin, Van Grusen, Hirst, and Hall.

SECOND VIOLINS.—London: Watkins and Loder, principals; Anderson, Barnett, Blagrove, Bradley, Jay, Kelly, Mori, Newsham, Payton, Watson, and Wilkins. Liverpool: C. B. Herrmann, Litler, Lawson, Burrowes, and Sorge.

VIOLAS.—London: Hill, principal; Alsept, Boileau, Calkin, Glanvill, Hughes, Lyon, Rice, Thompson, Trust, Weslake. Liverpool: Stubbs, Sharpe, Scarisbrick.

VIOLONCELLOS.—London: Lucas, principal; Guest, Hancock, Hatton, Hausman, Lidel, Phillips, Piatti. Liverpool: Haddock, Davies, Tivendell, Saunders.

DOUBLE BASSES.—London: Howell, principal; Bottesini, Casolani, T. Edgar, Flower, Griffiths, L'Anglois, Rowland, and Severn. Liverpool: Cottier, Tayleure, and Duke.

FLUTES.—London: Pratten and King.

OBOES.—Barrett and Nicholson.

CLARINET.—Lazarus and Maycock.

BASSOONS.—Baumann and Larkin.

HORNS.—H. Jarrett, Harper, Jarrett, and Rae.

TRUMPETS.—T. Harper, jun., and Handley.

TROMBONES.—Alto: Cioffi. Tenor: Smithies. Bass: Healey.

OPHICLEIDE.—Prospere.

DRUMS.—Chipp.

BASS DRUM AND CYMBALS.—Seymour.

The chorus will be on an equally efficient scale. The opening of the New Hall has every chance of being worthily commemorated.

SENTENCES.

"Some very good, some very bad;
Some truth, some nonsense."

PALESTRINA. "Who is the noble figure with that sublime look which seeking nothing but heaven, is pacing that cross walk? That is the celebrated defender of Church music; the prince of music to whom Praeneste gave birth."—[Author anonymous. Somewhat bombastic. Ed.]

HANDEL. "Clear the way to the right and left; an exalted hero comes in radiant glory! Surely there are others who have also a mind for the grand and excellent, but in sublimity and splendour none equal him."—[Author anonymous. Somewhat superfluous.]

ABBE VOLGER. "Before thee never was Science so united with Genius."—[C. M. von Weber—who must have been *non compos*, when he said it.]

PAESIELLO. "Whoever seeks for light and pleasurable sensations in music cannot be recommended to any one better."—[Mozart. Admirable and true.]

SEBASTIAN BACH. "He first explored thoroughly the mystical convolutions of music, and then in the construction of the 'fugue' he showed us the pinnacle of the art."—[Anonymous. Nonsense.]

"Fifths I have discovered in Bach." Search further, and you will find many things which many condemn, because they only stick to the shell, never thinking of the kernel."—[Becher. Twaddle.]

"It seems to me, in Bach, as if the eternal harmonies were conversing together."—[Goethe—who meant something, but has not expressed it happily.]

"Bach is like the ether, omnipresent, but incomprehensible."—[Zelter. Nonsense. Oh! Master of Mendelssohn!]

"O, how difficult it is to write easy!"—[Carissimi. Excellent.]

GLUCK. "Music is the true picture of the passions and feelings; dramatical art ought not only to be a sensual charm; so thought the bold reformer of the Opera, but he not only thought so, he also taught it in his works. What Gluck commenced, the divine Mozart, who created, like a Raphael, with a magical aspiration, finished."—[Anonymous. True enough.]

"GERMANY presented to England a Handel; to France a Gluck; and to Italy a Simon Mayer. The donor of such gifts may truly be called a Croesus."—[Godfrey Weber. Simon Mayer is not worthy of his fellowship.]

BEETHOVEN. "If *Fortuna* had not bestowed upon him fine talents and bewitching melodies by the hundreds, with what he has

brought from the school—he would scarcely have been able to fill his belly with potatoes.”—[Beethoven—speaking of himself.]

“WHOEVER does not live in music, and draw intellectual power out of it, remains an amateur, even if he maintains himself through the art.”—[Becher. Good.]

“To blow only is no flute-playing; you have also to move the fingers.”—[Goethe. Wonderful!]

“RULES are children of the time; experience produces and rejects them; but the laws of the art are current to-morrow as they are to-day.”—[Becher. Very true.]

“O BELIEVE certainly, that true music is superhuman.”—[Bettina. Beethoven's fair correspondent and *inamorata*.]

“THE art is free, and shall not be restrained by chains.”—[Haydn. Good.]

“Do not envy the singer whom the stage maintains.”—[Juvenal. Why not?]

“The aim of music is to praise God in word and deed, and in the most beautiful manner, through songs and sounds. All other arts, except theology and its daughter music, are but dumb preachers.”—[Matheson. We prefer music to theology. Matheson was a poet, and wrote “Adelaide” for Beethoven.]

“ITALY was once the cradle of dramatic music; she will also be its grave, if Germany has no pity on the lost one.”—[Becher. Perhaps.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

CORBARI.—Among the parts which this highly popular singer and actress will perform during her stay in Dublin are Lucia and Liuda.

ERNST.—The Committee of the Gentlemen's Concerts, at Manchester, have engaged this great violinist to play at two concerts, which will take place near the end of the present month. Charles Hallé will play at both concerts.

MEYERBEER has left Paris. The celebrated composer has gone to some quiet watering place, to seek the repose so necessary after his recent fatigues. The *Prophète* was rehearsed 96 (not 46) times, at the *Théâtre de la Nation*, and Meyerbeer superintended almost on every occasion.

MR. T. M. Mudie, one of our most distinguished musicians, has arrived from Edinburgh. It is to be regretted that Mr. Mudie will have no opportunity of making known his latest compositions to the London public.

BERLIN.—There will be an Italian Opera here this season. The names of the company have not yet been announced. Signor Orsini, well known in London, is the *chef d'orchestre*.

GRISI.—The “Diva,” who has been reposing since the production of Meyerbeer's *Prophète*, will make her *entrée* to-night, in the same composer's *Huguenots*. Meyerbeer is all the rage now in the operatic world of London.

MASANIELLO.—There is a great demand for another performance of Auber's masterpiece. If Mario would resume his part, the receipts would be, we have little doubt, enormous.

MADLE. ANGRI.—We understand that this lady is engaged by Ronconi for the *Théâtre Italien*, at Paris, which will open in November, a month later than usual.

M. BENEDICT has composed a new overture expressly for the forthcoming Liverpool Festival, of which we have heard competent judges speak in the highest terms.

M. EMILE LAURENT is intrusted with the arrangements of a series of concerts to be given by Mr. Mackintosh, of Dublin, in the month of September. M. Massol and Madlle. Nau have been offered engagements.

CRITO's grandfather died at Naples, in April, 1848, aged 102.

MR. HENRI LAURENT, the talented pianist, is making a professional sojourn at Harrowgate, and has appeared several times before the public. Mr. Laurent has been lately at Cheltenham, and has performed on sundry occasions at the Pump-Room.

HEREFORD MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—The arrangements for this meeting are progressing. Mr. Townshend Smith, the talented organist of Hereford Cathedral, and conductor of the festival, is

now in London, and the committee are endeavouring to secure the first vocal talent of the day. A rehearsal will take place in town, and thus the compositions of the masters of the divine art of music will be brought before the public in all their completeness and effect. We understand that the committee were desirous of obtaining the services of Madame Sontag, but we are told “that her engagements with Mr. Lumley, who with a company of vocalists intends to give concerts in the country about that time, and who required 1000*l.* for the aid of the whole at the festival, totally precluded them from doing so.” We find, however, that the managers of the Birmingham festival have secured the lady's services.

MONUMENT TO ADDISON.—Lord Ellesmere is erecting—perhaps by this time has erected—a monument, with a short inscription, to mark the grave of Addison, in the north aisle of Henry the Seventh's Chapel, in Westminster Abbey. This monument was much wanted; for though Addison has a statue in Poet's Corner, it stands far from the place of his interment—and there is no inscribed stone in the whole Abbey to tell “This is the grave of Joseph Addison.” Hitherto the monument to Montague Lord Halifax was the uninscribed gravestone of the great essayist; for there could be no doubt from the verses by Tickell, that Addison was buried in the same grave with his “loved Montague,” to whom he addresses his noblest poem, the “Letter from Italy.” A pathetic passage from Tickell will form part of the inscription on the new monument; but no part of it will, it is said, record—as was too often the case in former times with “poets' tombs”—the “titles” of the accomplished nobleman to whom the public, not the poet, is indebted for the monument.—*Athenæum*.

DUBLIN.—It is some time since we noticed the performances at the Queen's Theatre, which has now deservedly become a favourite and fashionable resort of our citizens. Under the management of Mr. Harris, the Queen's has attained a degree of prosperity that has not for many years fallen to the lot of any dramatic speculation in Dublin. Miss Rebecca Isaacs, both as a singer and an actress, has established herself in the favour of the public. In the national operetta of *Kate Kearney*, which we had an opportunity of witnessing on Thursday night, Miss Isaacs filled the rôle of the heroine. In the well known ballad she reminded us forcibly of Mrs. Weylett, and did not suffer by comparison. Her “Kathleen Mavourneen,” and other Irish melodies, were equally successful: and in the “Magic Horn,” her finale from the *Sonnambula* proved that, in another school, Miss Isaacs is equally at home. The engagement of Miss Isaacs closes, we believe, this evening, as she is engaged to appear in Brighton with Mr. Sims Reeves.—*Dublin Weekly Register*, July 28, 1849.

MUSIC AT IPSWICH.—Operatic performances have been the great novelty of the week, but they have been confined exclusively to *La Sonnambula* and *Pauline*. The principal artists were Mr. Rafter, Herr Menghis, Miss Rafter, and Miss Lucy Rafter, assisted by a chorus and effective orchestra. Miss Rafter's Amina was a most chaste and beautiful personation, in which her fine vocal efforts gave effect to the sweet and simple melodies of Bellini. The same commendation is likewise due to Mr. Rafter's Elvino, and to Herr Menghis' Rodolpho; the former giving “All is lost” with effect, and the latter no less distinguishing himself in the popular song “As I view these scenes so charming.” Mr. Rafter and Herr Menghis may be pronounced the two best artists that have appeared on these boards for a long time, and, with Miss Rafter, are fully deserving of their metropolitan fame. On Monday evening they were honoured by an unanimous call before the curtain. The opera of *Pauline*, which partakes of all the wild and romantic features of the German school, was played on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday; on the latter occasion preceding *La Sonnambula*. The drinking song by Herr Menghis, “Rosy wine,” was a noble effort, in which his powerful and dramatic voice was heard to advantage. On Thursday evening the song was followed by an *encore*. The trio at the conclusion, between Herr Menghis, Mr. Rafter, and Miss Rafter, was given with effect; indeed, nothing could exceed the fervour of the performance. The opera did not terminate until an hour after midnight, when the whole of the artists were called before the curtain, amidst the heartiest demonstrations; Miss Rafter being honoured by a shower of bouquets.—*Ipswich Journal*.

LOYALTY AND ELECTRICITY.—There must be some great and mysterious connection between loyalty and electricity; a perceptible deficiency of both being, just now, the cause of much moral and physical debility. The *Montreal Gazette*, in noticing the entertainment given by the Messrs. Distin, says,—“also the grand finale of God save the Queen, which some loyal gentlemen wished to have repeated.” Was the editor of the *Gazette* one of the “loyal gentlemen” who wished for a repetition of the National Anthem, or is his remark meant for a fine-drawn sarcasm, aimed at the good old feeling of allegiance, which it is now the affectation of a certain party to turn into contempt? If the sneer was meant—and Punch thinks it was—let the editor of the *Gazette* lose no time in getting himself charged with electricity; and let him, herewith, consider himself morally “bonneted” by Punch, for refusing to take off his hat to the noble strain of “God save the Queen.”—*Punch, in Canada.*

MM. MEYERBEER, TAYLOR, AND SAX, have this week, in the name of the numerous *artistes* and literary men, offered to Hector Berlioz a golden medal, for which a subscription had been opened immediately after the first performance of his music in *Faust*. His long absence, and the intervening political troubles, however, had drawn attention from the projected presentation, but the great success which the performance of the music to *Faust* had at the Conservatoire, gave a new enthusiasm to his admirers. The medal, which is very costly, bears on one side a list of the works of this great musician, and on the other the inscription:—“To Hector Berlioz, from his friends and admirers at Paris, July 15th, 1849.”—*La Presse*, July 31st, 1849.

LOLA MONTES WHITEWASHED.—A young cockney, more accustomed to the pencil than the pen, sends us the following impromptu on the marriage of the Countess of Lansfelt:—

“Miss Lola, by her naughty tricks,
Her ill-fame long had scaled,—
Eut, by this matrimonial fix,
Grows virtuous, and gets *Heal’d*.”

As we are afraid neither of the lady nor her dog and dagger, we venture to insert this bit of poaching on *Punch*'s manor.

THE LATE MR. JOHN WILSON, THE VOCALIST.—Mr. Wilson was a native of Edinburgh, and spent a considerable portion of his life there, and was originally bred to the printing business. He also for some time officiated as precursor in one of the city churches. His death took place at Quebec, not at Montreal, as formerly stated, and the additional particulars of the melancholy event which reached us are, that he had imprudently exposed himself, in the course of a fishing excursion in the neighbourhood of Quebec, was seized with cholera on the following day, and died after a few hours' illness. A striking illustration of the suddenness of the sad event is afforded by the circumstance that several of his friends here received newspapers addressed, and even letters written, by his own hand, by the same mail which brought the melancholy announcement of his unexpected decease.—*Scotsman.*

A NIGGER CONUNDRUM.—“Crow, I want to ax you a conundrum.” “Well, Julius, succeed, I's open for de queshum.” “Can you tell me why de art of self-defence am like a ribber at low tide?” “No, Julius, I doesn't see no similarity in de two subjects, so darfor I guvs um up!” “Well, den I'll tell you. It is simply bakase it developes de *muscles*! You is de most ignomous nigger I never seed!” “Yah-yah! I know'd all de time what dat was, only I didn't want to say nuffin; jiss ax me agin an' see if I can't told you.”

SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.—Since Jullien's retirement from this popular place of amusement, the German band and chorus, under the direction of Mr. Godfrey, have supplied the place of his instrumental force. The performers, who number nearly one hundred, are thoroughly efficient—as our readers must be well aware; and Mr. Godfrey, master of the Queen's private band, is a most admirable conductor—as our readers must also know. The performances are varied nightly, and include the best selections from the best operas, with interspersed choruses. Altogether the German band and chorus have met with much success, and the directors of the Gardens proved their judgment by engaging so excellent a force and so excellent a conductor.

THE National Exhibition of Works of Art and Manufactures, held in Paris, occurs every five years, and the present collection has never been surpassed either in invention or execution; the French journals announce that Mr. P. Erard, of the well known firm of S. and P. Erard (Pianoforte and Harp Makers, here in London), has been unanimously elected as a member of the Commission to pass judgment upon the merits of the musical instruments and which election has been ratified by the Minister of Commerce.—*Morning Post.*

ENCOURAGEMENT OF NATIVE TALENT.—The success that attended the performance of English glees and madrigals at the Dowager Countess of Charleville's concert, by the Misses Pyne, Messrs. Bodda, Land, Pyne, and Hobbs, induced her ladyship to give a repetition of the same on the 19th ultimo. A large assemblage of the nobility were present on the occasion, and expressed themselves highly gratified.

MENDELSSOHN.—Felix Mendelssohn's sister Fanny, having composed a series of preludes and fugues, she sent them to her brother in Leipsic, in order to hear his opinion of them. It so happened that Felix sent, for the same purpose, some of his compositions to his sister, who lived in Berlin. In opening the respective packages it excited no little surprise that one piece of Mendelssohn's resembled a composition of his sister's in the most remarkable manner. Accidentally they had even selected the same key and same time.—*American paper.*

MENDELSSOHN'S OTETTO, IN E FLAT.—This splendid composition was written at the early age of fifteen. Mendelssohn was seventeen when he wrote the music of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and thirteen when he wrote his first symphony, and the opera of the *Wedding of Camacho*. The history of the art presents nothing to parallel with this extraordinary precocity of genius.

SCHULOFF.—This excellent pianist and composer has gone to the Pyrenees, where he intends to pass the autumn.

GUERNEY.—A brilliant audience assembled on Monday evening at our Theatre, in compliment to the spirited lessee, Mr. Newcombe, on the occasion of his benefit. The performances consisted of *Used Up*, *Bob Short*, and *Bamboozing*, in each of which this popular director took the principal character. The entertainments afforded entire satisfaction, and Mr. Newcombe was called on at the end, and received with distinguished applause. The house was crowded in every part, and the authorities and fashionables of the island attended.—*From a Correspondent.*

A MEETING has been held by a deputation of Paris, at one of the *bureaux* of the *Assemblée*, to consider an extraordinary grant of 250,000 francs claimed by MM. Duponchel and Roqueplan, of government, in consequence of the depressed state of theatrical affairs. M. Victor Hugo proposed to enlarge the claim to 670,000 francs, in order to afford an assistance to every theatre in Paris, thereby making it a political measure instead of a local exception; this proposition having been generally agreed to, a commission has been named to lay it before M. Languinai, the minister of commerce.—*La Presse*, July 27th, 1849.

FRAGMENTARY TRIBUTE TO THE SAX HORNS.

BY DESMOND O'SHAUGHNESSY.

(From *Punch, in Canada.*)

Miss M. O'Connor! 'pon my word of honor,
You made me screech with joy for Erin's Isle,
In “Va Pensiero”—may I be there, O!
When next you sing it with your own sweet smile.

And Miss Louisa, isn't she a teaser,
Meandering through the “Song of a Summer Day!”
I'm afe to venture a double X debenture,
You'll not find their ayquals this side of the say.

With tones much sharper than the famous Harper,
Ringing so sweetly that each soul was fired,
Did ould Mr. Distin, on the cornet—*à piston*,
Or trumpet rather, play “The Soldier tired.”

And then the brothers! whose tones above all others
Rises so firm and strong—so sweetly sinks—
While from the planner, in his peculiar manner,
Their music Willy twines with silver links!

THE FRENCH THEATRE BANKRUPT.—The theatrical managers have published a new and more earnest appeal to the government and the legislature for relief in the lamentable position to which political tumult, excessive heat, and slaughtering cholera have reduced them. Ten thousand pounds (they at first asked for sixteen) will, they say, be sufficient to keep ten houses to battle on to the winter; and they ask, whether for such a paltry sum, the assembly will, by the forced closing of the theatres, allow the city to be plunged into deeper gloom than it has yet experienced even in the worst days of the revolutionary crisis, and cause between twenty and thirty thousand individuals to be thrown out of employ. They combat with it must be confessed, justice and success, the objection that is made to them, to the effect that theatres are only private speculations, and have, therefore, no peculiar claim on public generosity, by showing that they are compelled to keep their houses open, whether the public support them or not; that the less the public come the heavier are the expenses, owing to the necessity of putting forth increased attractions; and that conditions are imposed on them, from which private industry is altogether free—as, for instance, paying the debts of their predecessors, being liable to be deprived of their best actors by what are called the “national” theatres without any recompense, being compelled to stick to a particular line of the drama, when they might make more money in another, and so on. They also show that the closing of the theatres of Paris would be followed by that of nearly all the provincial theatres—a circumstance which, apart from higher considerations, would be a commercial disaster of no small magnitude. All this certainly entitles the petition to a favourable hearing. But the disposition of the National Assembly appears decidedly hostile to it. As I before told you, a committee, which has investigated the matter, has declared itself dead against the demand; and the government, fearing a refusal, is not disposed to take it up. The closing of the grand opera has created perfect consternation. Considering that it has an annual subvention of 620,000 francs (24,800*l.*), that it is supported by the aristocracy, and that it has had the only really great success of the season—Meyerbeer's *Prophète*—it was generally thought, that even should every other theatre be ruined, it would, if not flourish, at least exist; and lo! it is the first to succumb! From an account published by the managers, it appears that, previous to the revolution, their profits were, on an average, 16,249 francs a month, or in round numbers, 8,000*l.* English money a year. But from the 1st of October, 1848, to the 1st of June, 1849 (the best part of the season), the expenses have averaged 141,807 francs a month, whilst the receipts, subvention included, have only been 109,048 francs, constituting a total loss, on the whole period, of rather more than 14,000*l.* sterling. To those receipts the *Prophète* contributed not less than 183,888 francs, or, on an average, nearly 300*l.* a night—a large sum.—*Paris Correspondent of the Literary Gazette.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. C. H.—*Herr Molique's address is 9, Houghton Place, Amptill Square, Hampstead Road, London.*
“Les Graces Polkas” have not come to hand. We shall be glad to notice them.

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